STACK
ANNEX
5
022
867

THE WORLD OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By

"AN OFFICER OF THE GRAND FLEET."

A
000 087 060 0
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

California
egional
cility

THE WORLD OF THE
FOURTH DIMENSION

By the Same Author

THE FOURTH DIMENSION: ESSAYS IN THE REALM OF UNCONVENTIONAL THOUGHT. 2s. net.

THE ROAD TO THE STARS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. 2s. net.

THE GOD WE BELIEVE IN, AND OTHER ESSAYS. 2s. net.

THE WORLD OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION

AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY

AN OFFICER OF
THE GRAND FLEET

AUTHOR OF "THE FOURTH DIMENSION"
AND "THE ROAD TO THE STARS"

1920

LONDON: C. W. DANIEL, LTD.
Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C. 4

BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	THE FLAME	7
II.	A REVOLUTION OF THOUGHT	15
III.	LET THERE BE LIGHT	21
IV.	THE LIFE OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION	25
V.	FAITH OR FATALISM—I	33
VI.	FAITH OR FATALISM—II	40
VII.	THE WORLD OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION	46

973929

THIS book is a sequel to, and is complementary to, the books, *The Fourth Dimension* and *The Road to the Stars*. I am indebted to the criticisms and suggestions of Press Reviewers of these two books, and of correspondents, some of them friends and some quite unknown to me.

THE WORLD OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION

I

THE FLAME

THERE is a widespread idea that in order to succeed and prevail, truth, or true religion, must "grow," and "spread," and "progress" in the world. People who belong, or attach themselves to, cults or sects which think they represent truth, solace themselves with the belief that their truth, since it *is* truth, is fated to "progress." And they think that therefore they are absolved from any duty or effort in connection with truth other than "following its precepts" and cultivating them; that is, they must simply act as its passive instruments and all will be well.

Now it is an absolute and fatal fallacy that truth "grows." It is also fallacious to suppose that what we term growth is a thing of any value whatever. On the contrary, it is an evil. Do we imagine that "God" grows, or that

infinity grows or increases, or that Truth, *as* truth, grows? Of course not. "They are that they are." They are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The passage of time, and the influence of the progress of this world, cannot "advance" them in the least. The answer to the question "What is Truth?" was the same in the days of Pharaoh as it is to-day. I do not believe that Truth is appreciated or perceived to-day to any greater degree than it has been in any past age of man. If there is such a thing as Truth, it has existed, as St John said of "The Word," from the beginning. It came first. Even if we believe that this universe eventuated from a primordial cloud, there must have existed in that cloud some power which was the seed of everything. It was in the nature of a flame: something that burns, that cannot be extinguished; that is vital and all-powerful. Space and Time have nothing to do with it. Truth does not grow—it just *is*.

What *does* "grow"? Only that which is material. Only that which enslaves and covers Truth, and hides it from us. Things doomed to death, like our bodies, and empires and churches and institutions and worlds. The "growth" of all these things is inevitably towards death, decay and extinction.

There is no established religion in the world which now exists with the youth and vigour

and promise which inspired it in its halcyon days of birth and childhood. There is no church or empire which is going to overspread the world and become universal. Some time or other the growth and progress of all these things of this world become arrested, they begin to decay and die. They have adopted the watchwords and "truths" of this world, and the poison is gradually killing them. The Roman Empire died of its own corruption. The Roman Church lost its supremacy at the Reformation from the same cause. Is there *any* empire, church, or institution of this world which is immortal, which is going to overspread the world, which will achieve youth and vigour and vitality for ever? The law of this world is not growth and progress; it is growth to prime and vigour, and then a decline to decay and death. There is no such thing as unimpeded growth and progress. It does not exist in this world; and it has nothing to do with a divine world of truth and love, because truth and love are immortal and infinite things.

Infinity does not grow and progress; only that which is limited, finite, and doomed to death grows and progresses.

It may be said that although Truth may not be subject to growth, the knowledge of it is; that as time goes on, more and more people will attain to knowledge of it, until the know-

ledge becomes universal. This is the lesson we are taught from birth to death; the supposed law of growth and progress. It also is an absolute fallacy. What things are there, which in this way have gradually grown and progressed through the ages, for hundreds and thousands of years, and "by slow degrees," in Tennyson's words, converted the whole human race? The whole human race has frequently been converted to a certain belief which it had formerly discredited. But the thing has come about almost instantaneously, like a flash. There has been no slow, inevitable, orderly growth. I refer, for instance, to the discovery of America; the discovery that the earth is round and not flat; that it goes round the sun, and not the sun round it; or even to the discovery that "iron ships can swim," or that heavier-than-air craft can fly. It is not necessary to educate more and more people to believe these things. For centuries the world laughed at and derided such theories whenever anyone propounded them. And then all in a flash no one thought of doubting them. There was a sudden revolution of thought about them. Why? Because they had been propounded in such a fashion, by a man or men of genius, that there was no denying them. All the stupid fallacies, difficulties and fears about them suddenly vanished. The same with such a phe-

nomenon as the abolition of negro slavery in America. In the year 1860 negro slavery was upheld by the vast weight of the law of the United States; by the vast weight of orthodox public opinion, civil and religious. It was a firmly established institution. There was no gradual, slow, orderly, inevitable growth of opinion against it, which slowly and in an orderly fashion brought freedom to the slave. The thing came off quickly. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, America was convulsed and dominated by the question, Freedom or slavery for the black man; and in a few years it was settled for ever. In 1860 the man who argued against negro slavery was a fanatic, or an idealist, or a crank. In a few years, it was the other way about. No one would take seriously or be bothered with an advocate of the re-introduction of negro slavery, or with any man who would resurrect the ten thousand arguments which had been advanced in support of it, only a few years before, by statesmen, politicians, leaders of religion and society, and orthodox opinion throughout the United States. All of a sudden all those arguments had become fallacies.

Truth is not a thing whose growth can be assisted. It is a thing which is. It is an undying flame. Generations of men may pass away; empires and churches may pass away;

but Truth will never pass away. All that is needed is that we shall see it as it is. It is something that we have yet to discover; a great and magnificent and glorious thing; that which shall raise us to divinity. It is a thing in whose light and glory all the questions of the ages, all our doubts, fears, terrors, and compromises will be burnt up in an instant. When we dare to see it we shall *live*.

Will we aare to see it? Will we believe, not only that we can, if we will, see it *now*; but that also everything which hides it from us can be banished *now*?

In this world all our energies and thoughts are concentrated upon an old world. It is a world of dead watchwords, such as Progress, Right, Justice, Electricity, History, Geography, Languages, and Mechanics; of Empires, Churches, Authorities, and Tradition. Through the dead mazes of this world we have wandered for centuries. There is a new world, an oasis of light and beauty; something which we have only to see to desire passionately and to enjoy. Its watchwords are Life and Love and Truth and Beauty. We are not evil that we do not see it; we are only blind. All the watchwords that we have been taught from infancy blind us to the reality and glory of the new world.

There is something which hides the flame of Truth from us. It is our faith in all the false

theories of this evil world which we have been taught from our youth up, which we accept unthinkingly, because there appears to be no alternative. In the Middle Ages orthodox thought made it as difficult for people to believe in a new world of America, or in the revolution of the earth round the sun, as it now makes it difficult for us to believe in the power of such fundamental things as Life and Truth to lead us to another world—not of space or time, moral perfection or imperfection, but of thought and activity and power.

Will we pin our faith to this world, or to the new one? Belief in this old world means reliance upon dead, hopeless things, such as growth and progress, authority and tradition, organisation and law. If a thing is evil, the whole of it is evil. The evil is in its foundations, in the so-called "truths" of it. It is these so-called truths which blind us to the light.

All religions and philosophies which believe in the immortal and infinite nature of Life believe that another kind of existence is in store for the human race. We may believe either (1) that this new world is a thing which is separated from us by time, that in fact it is not for this generation at all; or (2) that it is open to this generation to achieve it, or any other generation if we fail. The first belief is

fatalism. It is a belief that *we* cannot do it; some other future age may; or it may come automatically after death. Are we masters of our fate, or are we creatures of fate? Is Time or Fate or Death our master? Or is the life within us the supreme thing which can remove mountains and to which "all things are possible"? Let us determine to be masters of our fate. Let us conceive a new world of sunshine and freedom, and believe that it is in our power to create it. Let us cease to be bound by Time, Space, and a growth and progress doomed to death, and believe that the spark of Life that burns beneath all the trappings of this world can burst into flame as soon as we perceive the falsity of everything that covers it. It is for *us* to tear away the trappings and see the flame of Truth which can light our way to the new world.

II

A REVOLUTION OF THOUGHT

So long as human thought pursues its present course men will remain much as they are at present and as they have been since the dawn of history. Their nature will not alter. Life in this planet will go on much as it always has done. And if after death there is any other life for men, it will probably be some sort of development of life as it is here.

So we think, so we are taught to think. So long as we think so and are taught to think so it will be so.

It is this habit and line of thought which binds us to these conditions. Obviously, if we could think differently, things would be different.

The argument that things cannot be fundamentally different, cannot be conclusively refuted while they remain as they are and show no obvious sign of changing. But the same cannot be said with regard to the argument that we cannot *think* differently. The different line of thought is a fact, or phenomenon, which is in existence. It may or may not be valid;

its value may be discounted or denied ; but there it is. And whereas it cannot be shown that any kind of life other than this has ever existed on this planet, it is certain that a kind of thought which denies any value to this kind of existence and believes in the possibility of another is a phenomenon of to-day, and has been a phenomenon of many, if not all, ages in the past.

This line of thought has been labelled by various names—such as, mysticism, idealism, and the like—and interpreted and criticised by exponents of the established lines of thought in various ways. Such labellings and criticisms suffer one serious defect. The line of thought which is thus labelled and criticised is a live thing, and a true critic must have entered into it. He who can only criticise from without, and from one point of view, that of things as they are, is criticising something of which he knows nothing. But the mystics or the idealists whom he criticises can visualise two worlds from within. It is utterly impossible for a human being to exist in this world sufficiently long to enable him to think and express his thoughts about fundamental things without living the life of this world and understanding its thoughts. And it is equally impossible for him to express a different line of thought, unless it has been and is a vital reality to him, unless it has existed in his thought, and unless it is to him *the* one vital reality.

In this sense the founder of our religion was, as theology tells us, at the same time human and divine. He was a man of the world—of *this* world; had lived its life, been taught in its school, worked in it for his living, and knew its thought and ideas. But he had also lived in another world of his own thought and ideas; the thought and ideas of the mystics and prophets since the world began. A world which Isaiah saw, of thoughts and ways different from those of this world. It was the same world which the greater prophet, seer and mystic, Christ, saw; the world of the divine; the divine world: which he told us is attainable, not by the cultivation of the thought and ways of the human world of Cæsarism, but by a corporate repentance which can only come by the cultivation of the divine ideas of the other world: and a determination to accept them.

And this is the basic thought of mysticism and idealism, or other-world-ism: that the power to think in it, if possessed and willed by the whole human race, would bring to humanity another kind of existence.

If, in fact, we can learn to think differently, we shall also live differently, and living differently would constitute a new world.

A new world. That is, a new kind of society. New occupations, thoughts, and aims. New powers. An enormously widened outlook and sphere of thought and activity. And with this

change a release from the evils—necessarily, since such is involved in release from the conditions—of this life.

Which is of greater value? Things as they are—space with its constellations and planets and their revolving life and conditions which exist upon them; or the life within you and me, which can in thought survey this infinite immensity and complexity calmly and without dismay, and assert its own supremacy, its indifference, its determination and power to place itself outside of this cosmos, and visualise and live in another? Is this life within you and me a thing which is bound to a particular planet or to a universe, or is it a supreme and infinite and indestructible thing, which can be independent of the fate of any planet or universe? Is the thought which could imagine the fiat "Let there be light," and which can imagine the possibility of another such fiat going forth, something which is bound and controlled by material or other conditions, or is it omnipotent and divine? Shall the fixed thought of this planet of ours set bounds to it? Can it be bound by old and decaying conceptions of tribal gods, conflicting systems of philosophy and progressive human sciences? Or is it not something which has said and does say and will continue to say until it conquers, "This world shall pass away, but I will not pass away"?

There are two modes of answering this question. We may, if we will it so, subordinate ourselves to the physical universe and its wonders and conditions. We may regard ourselves as creatures of fate, bound to the life of the world as it is between birth and death, and after death possibly bound to be fated to other conditions, for eternity or for endless existences. Or we may believe in Life and decline any longer to be slaves to "fate," "existing" and planetary conditions. We may affirm the power of Life and Thought to release us from all fetters; we may create in thought a new and perfect life and determine to live it. If we can create in thought a new and perfect life for ourselves—the entire human race—that new and perfect life will constitute a new and perfect world.

The thought which can create this new and perfect life for our race must, in order to do so, live in the realm of perfect things; of eternal and supreme things. It must think of such things as Life and Love and Truth, in terms which admit of no compromise whatever with inferior things, such as the conditions which obtain in our own passing world. Life is a free, untrammelled thing; its freedom will constitute its perfection; its function will be to create and to rule. To rule, not by force against parts of itself, but by the concurrence

of the whole of itself in a supreme idea. It will admit of no division; its conception of Love would be a universal Love which is co-existent with humanity, and allows no preference or advantage to any part or individual. Its Truth will be a belief and a desire for a universal sunshine and warmth and happiness and power, and a denial of any life which does not comply with that ideal as an evil thing, a negation of Truth, that which blinds our eyes to Truth.

We may, if we please, deny, deride, or refuse to consider the possibility of any such life. We may continue to regard such things as Life, Love, and Truth as things which in our lives and thoughts must take their place humbly with the facts of human existence, doomed to a fatal compromise with them. We may so bind ourselves to life as it is, and the facts of existence, and accept the fate, whatever it is, which such facts impose upon us. Or we can, if we please, live in two worlds. We can loyally bear our part individually in the life of Cæsar, of this world of the Third Dimension, and at the same time cherish in our thoughts, and desire, a finer, a divine Life. We can look Life and Truth and Love in the face, and live in the sunshine and power of their presence, in the belief and desire that that warmth and power holds within its womb the seeds of another world.

III

LET THERE BE LIGHT

One day—it may not be far distant—in the glorious future the human mind will throw off the shackles of its slavery to the god of things as they are ;—the god who, as it imagines, said "Let there be Light," and thereby created a world of alternating light and darkness, this world in which we live ; and it will say, "Let there be a world of light and love, of life and beauty and truth," and the power to say and to will it will bring that world into existence.

There are no limits to the power of Life ; to the power of an idea held and expressed in the sole combined enlightened will of the whole human race. But the will of humanity at present is a dull, stupefied thing, fettered by the chains of something which it does not understand ; something which controls and binds it to work and think not for the benefit of the entire race, but for sections of human life and thought—personal existence, Families, States, Churches, and Institutions.

The intuitive desire of the divine human

mind is not for goodness and individual betterment and survival, but for Power. It wants to transcend its limitations. It wants to be able to will things. It wants to be a conquering and supreme thing. It wants to be able to spread its wings; to breathe Life and Power into the flutter of desire within it for something better than this, some nobler and wider life of freedom and creation. The infinite life within us is at present like a page of printed music. It is not music, but it can be made into music. It has no voice and no expression, because it is bound to the laws and conditions of a finite existence which ends in physical death.

What is the condition of the exercise of Power? It is solely will; the exercise of the desire of the whole of human life. As that life is the highest, most mysterious, most powerful thing that exists, so it can only be satisfied by the highest and most infinite desire that can be expressed. Life can only function truly when it is free from all shackles and when it can live in a world based on Love and Truth and Beauty, of all supreme and infinite things. It will then be creative. Its only work will be creation.

On the wall of my cabin hangs a picture of a girl. It hangs there not because of love or friendship for the girl, for I never knew her, and she is now dead; but because the face to

me typifies something, and because the girl's relative to whom I expressed this something gracefully presented it to me. It is a beautiful face, and it is fixed, without much interest, as if sure of its beauty, on the camera, for it was being photographed. But in the face, and in the depths of those slightly upturned eyes, there is an expression of longing and desire. If I see it truly, if there is any affinity of truth between me and the beauty of it, a longing shines in it which this world can never satisfy. It is not a desire to love someone, to be loved, to have children to love, to live the life of this world in the best way it can be lived. No. It is something beyond all that. It is a desire for a life higher than this. It sees the vision of Life and Love and Truth and Beauty, and longs passionately for it. It reveals a forgetfulness of this world and a living in another, and a consciousness that only desire for the other world and abandonment of this one by the whole human race can lead us to the stars.

To him or her who reads this and criticises it in the thought and in the terms of this world I would say this :—Do you criticise in the terms of this world ? I can do it equally well. Are you a man of the world ? So am I. Come and pit yourself against me, laugh at me or oppose me, and I will meet you with laughter or arguments. Like yourself I have been through it,

and have come through it. I can laugh, work, play for my own hand, bargain, hold my own. I have done it for over thirty years and will do it to the end, in family life, social life, and professional life. Are you interested in this life? So am I. Has it any illusions for you? It has none for me. Are you content, like Telemachus,[1] to live the life of this world and endure its future, whatever it may be? I am not. Like Ulysses, I set my thoughts on a yet untravelled world, "beyond the utmost bounds of human thought." The best, or nothing. It is not practical, but merely an aspiration, an emotion? The same was said to Ulysses, Columbus, and Jesus Christ. But when that emotion and aspiration shall be shared by the whole human race, no longer afraid but daring, it will come to birth.

[1] "This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. *He works his work, I mine.*"

TENNYSON'S *Ulysses.*

IV

THE LIFE OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION

People who do not wholly comply with conventional ideas are often asked what they would do under certain critical circumstances. Would they, for instance, fight in defence of their own life, or their wives' or sisters' honour, or their country's safety, or their religion?

Now, the answer to this question, by those who preach the doctrine of the Fourth Dimension, is a very simple one. This sort of thing, our own life here, the life and honour of those dear to us, and of our country and religion, are things of the Third Dimension. There is only one rational way of protecting them and of dealing with them, namely, by the best methods of the Third Dimension.

I am a man of the world. For thirty years, since leaving home and school and "going out into the world," I have lived its life, as an individual, a member of a family, of a profession, of a church, and of various social spheres. I know all the rules and standpoints, I have learnt

by experience, happy or bitter, the best ways of dealing with circumstances as they arise. How do I deal with them? Roughly, just as the men of the world amongst whom I live would deal with them. The methods of capable men of affairs in dealing with the affairs of this world are the best methods. Men are quick or slow to take action; are characteristically clever or painstaking; are hard, light-hearted, serious-minded, decisive or thoughtful; have different ways of doing things; but fundamentally and broadly their standpoints and methods are the same. The man of the world in dealing with ordinary everyday affairs or with a crisis, wishes to act, and generally does act, as a capable, experienced man of the world would do. If he does not, he is probably making difficulties for himself and arresting the smooth working of the wheels of efficiency and progress in the particular sphere in which he is acting.

What are our watchwords? Such as these—Experience, calmness, good temper, consideration for others, conscientiousness, correct performance of duty, common sense. These are sensible and practical watchwords, "without any frills"; honest; within the comprehension and assent of most of us; and upon any other, above or below this plane, we learn, in plain language and with the custom of the world,

to "look sideways," to treat with banter or questioning or doubt or prejudice.

As things are in this world, these watchwords are the best ones. Various people and sets of people have tried other ones; such as goodness, purity, other-worldliness, sanctity; or on the other side, Machiavellianism, or what one might call Benvenuto-Cellini-ism. But these watchwords have not shaken or displaced, lifted or lowered, the practical ones. They have not altered us or saved or destroyed the world. Human nature is the same as it was in the days of David, of Julius Cæsar, or the Middle Ages. Practical men of affairs in those days acted in much the same way as they do now, and the world went on in those days in much the same way as it does now. Progress? At the end of it all we have just emerged from the biggest and bloodiest war in history, which has reduced one half of Europe to a condition of starvation and anarchy. We talk of past ages as "dark ages," and of past societies as "savage" and "barbarous." But such terms are merely relative. Have we emerged from darkness, savagery or barbarism? We may say so, but will future ages think so? If the world goes on on its present course future ages will judge our civilisation just as we judge the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman civilisations, or the Feudal System, in the light of their own point of view and not

of ours. He will be a rash man who will deny the possibility that one day the centre of the world's civilisation may be India or China ; and will the descendants of those teeming millions place the value upon our civilisation that we place upon it ?

In any case, to what is it going to lead ? Will the world's watchwords ever be different ? Will there ever come a time when the efficient conscientious man of the world will *not* look sideways upon the professors of piety and goodness, or of cold-blooded trickery and hot-blooded violence ? In other words, will our nature change and accept other standards ?

It will not, unless we desire and will it to change ; and unless we believe that it can change.

It will not, if we continue to say that it cannot.

It will not, unless the world changes. That is, until it agrees to change its way of thought, and the fundamental bases upon which it rests.

It will not, until we are willing to repudiate as false all the ideas of this world, and adopt new ones.

Now a new world based upon ideas and thoughts fundamentally different from those which rule this world, cannot be a development of this world.

The new world will not be conceived within

the womb of this world. This world's ideas, thoughts and institutions cannot give birth to a fundamentally different new world of men.

All the established religions, philosophies, and sciences are of this world. They draw their expression and rules from it. They are of the warp and woof of it. They are the foundations of it. They cannot give birth to another world. They can modify and advance this world on its course of "progress," but they cannot advance the cause of another world.

Now, it is perfectly simple and easy for a man or woman of the world to live the life of this world in the best way and to *think in* another world.

I do not mean anything miraculous or psychical. There is nothing in the usual sense miraculous or psychical about the Fourth Dimension. What I mean is as follows.

During the war, in the interests of Right and Justice, as we say, millions of men were enlisted and given a complicated training in the arts of war, with the object of killing other men. Moreover, the news of the war was officially given to us in such a manner that Truth was frequently suppressed and even falsified.

Yes, says the man of the world, or the Government, or orthodox religion, it is perhaps

regrettable ; but these things are necessary, they are forced upon us, we have to do it.

Very well. As a man of the world I agree that it is so.

But as a thinking man I am not going to let it rest there. Far from it. I think this. Things are so in this world that truth must be manipulated, suppressed or even falsified. But which is supreme, Truth, or the interests of this world? In my thought, in reality, Truth is supreme. In the light of Truth, everything which conflicts with it, suppresses or falsifies it, is wrong. Nothing can, in reality, justify the organisation and training of men in war to kill and maim each other, and to starve and distress women and children. I am determined to think out the whole thing afresh. My world of thought shall be based upon fundamental things such as Truth and Love. In my world of thought, I refuse to admit that anything is right, or can conduce to the true welfare of human beings, which puts any obstacle in the way of their loving one another, or in the way of absolute truth. These things, Love and Truth, are the only foundations of a true world in which all human beings can be happy and can rise to a realisation of Life.

It is, as I have said, perfectly easy for me to see both points of view. I can see that the world as it is cannot go on unless we compro-

mise with love and truth. But I do not believe that the interests of this world are the supreme interests of the human race. You may differ from me, but you are thereby no better citizen of this world than I am. You may for other reasons be a little better citizen, or a little worse; but the probability is that since I have cultivated this line of thought, there isn't much difference between us. Personally, I believe I am a better citizen than before. But, on the other hand, I believe that in cultivating the line of thought of the Fourth Dimension I am thereby helping to form and create a world based on the principles of Love and Truth, which as it grows will not violently overturn this world; it will rather cultivate and build up something before which eventually the thoughts and ideas of this world will just decay and die.

If we wish to set up and use a new and universal language, we shall not do it by cultivating and believing in our own language, but by cultivating the new one, even while in everyday life we use our own. This is only an analogy and not a parallel, because a new language must be founded upon the rules of languages which now exist. It is said that we must learn to walk before we can fly. Perhaps so. But walking has nothing to do with flying. Being able to walk does not enable us to fly. All that it means is that we must be in posses-

sion of our faculties. We could, if we chose and wished, train children to think in terms of the Fourth Dimension as well as in those of the Third Dimension. We can teach them, in metaphorical language, that it is better for them to fly than to walk. We can teach them that Love and Truth are supreme, and are the only bases upon which a world of Love and Truth for human beings can come into existence. And when we have the will to think in terms of Love and Truth, and to revise all our ideas on those lines, the new world will be in the making.

V

FAITH OR FATALISM—I

One day I was walking along the main street of a small provincial town, and a perambulator passed me in which was seated a boy of about sixteen or seventeen. His eyes were closed, he was groaning and crying out, raising himself on his elbows and throwing himself about. Three relatives or friends were restraining him in a matter-of-fact way, as if they were accustomed to it. The boy was probably an imbecile, or was suffering from some "incurable" painful complaint which yet did not confine him to bed or to the house.

I had just been reading in the train a text-book of a new cult, a kind of Quietism which preaches that "God" is all-embracing, "the sum total of matter and force," and that everything that is is good, because it is embraced within the purpose of God. All we have to do is to be good and patient and "trust God" by drawing upon his "infinite goodness and love" to bring the world to perfection, sometime or other,

but certainly not yet—rather in the course of indefinite time.

While I was reading this book I felt a strong desire to throw it out of the window. The same kind of indignant passion assailed me on seeing the poor tortured boy in the perambulator.

Why ?

Well, what can or does this all-embracing God do for this poor boy ? Or what can or does the religion or society of this world do for him ?

They are both equally powerless to relieve him from pain and despair, to lift him to health and happiness.

Our religion tells us that 1900 years ago there was upon the earth One who could cure such cases with a touch or word.

Why could He do it, and why can't we ?

Here is the conventional answer, and it is a true answer.

It is because we have no faith.

What does this mean ?

My answer is, that we have not the Faith that He had.

He did not pass by such cases as we do, with apathy, resignation, and sophistical thoughts about all being for the best ; *He* did not say that there are only certain definite, well-established methods of dealing with such cases.

No, He said they could be cured *at once.*

And, moreover, He said *the world* could be cured *at once* of all its ills. "The Kingdom of Heaven is *at hand*," He said.

Not after death, not after indefinite existences. Not when we have evolved to perfection. But NOW.

"All things are possible," He said, NOW. We can conquer death, NOW. We can remove mountains, NOW. All things are possible, NOW.

If we do not and will not believe this, how on earth do we expect future generations to believe it? It is nearly 2000 years since *He* believed it, and said Now is the time. And for 2000 years world-thought has been hopelessly and helplessly denying it. And when is world-thought going to change? If we can't make it change, how are our descendants going to do it?

There is Something within us which we call Life. It is a divine thing. We may imagine or set up or preach other divine things, "all-embracing" or not. They may or may not exist. This Life within us *does* exist. I will assert it with the whole force of my being. Why is it divine? Because it tells me that great and infinite and glorious things can be done, if only it is exercised Now. I refuse utterly to believe that this Life can exist any more powerfully or truly in any future genera-

tion than it exists now in me. It is quite as easy and logical for me to believe that death can be conquered now, as it will be for our descendants in any future generation.

Have you, reader, this Life, this divine power of affirmation within you? Or if not, what is within you? Common-sense, patience, religion, obedience, quietism? What are they going to do for you and me? I will tell you. If they continue, they will kill you and me. They will allow millions of every generation to live lives of disease and pain and degradation. What for? In the conventional phrase, "God alone knows." *We* don't know. Something indefinite and hopeless.

Five years ago I adopted a little boy named Dickie. When I first saw him he was a year old. He was suffering from hydrocephalus, rickets and adenoids. He was nearly dead. *He* lay in a perambulator too, on a lawn in the sun. He looked terribly white and emaciated, and breathed with a kind of rattle in his throat. As I gazed down at him, Dickie raised his eyes to mine and smiled. Dickie, my boy, that brave smile shall help to save the world. He came to my home and was there nursed back to life. He became a pretty, happy, laughing child. At the age of four he could just toddle about by himself; could drag himself triumphantly into an arm-chair; had still to be carried

upstairs and needed constant attention; still spoke a delicious baby language; could tell us, in the sweetest language in the world, the story of "The Three Bears." At the age of four and a half Dickie died painlessly in his sleep. What killed him? "Hydrocephalus," said the world. Not a bit of it. What killed him was the dead, hopeless thought of the world which said that he *would* die; that "hydrocephalus" would and must kill him. Where is he now? After his death sympathetic friends tried to "console" us with the fiction that he is "a little angel in heaven." If this is right, when it comes to *my* turn to be killed, Dickie will be no longer the dear baby whom I love, but a man thirty or forty years old. It is no "consolation" to me, neither do I want any such consolation. Dickie, with his pretty childish face and form and talk and ways, lives in my heart and in the hearts of a few others. There are a few of us who remember our association with Dickie as the sweetest experience of our lives; and who, when they are alone together, take a happy delight in talking Dickie-language to each other.

Why do men stupidly and hopelessly resign themselves to the dominion of death, which tears our babies from us, and constantly and inevitably separates us from each other?

When are we going to look death in the face

and see its cruelty and horror, and determine to kill *it*?

It may be said, "It is easy enough to talk and think thus when we are in the flush of life. But when we come face to face with death, when we are old and our powers are failing—well, what then?" Well, what then? Shall we lose our courage? *Have we ever lost our courage?* Has the Life within us ever been eclipsed, have we ever failed OURSELF? If we have not failed in the great emergencies of life we shall not fail at the end. Has one not often been face to face with death, and did we fail then? At Jutland, for instance, when a certain terrific sound caused some of us to look at each other and wonder if the ship was going down? Or a few years before, on a sick-bed, when we were given to understand that the next few hours would end one way or the other for us? Death, thou bestial dark no-thing, thou doomed enemy of Life, were we afraid of thee? Not one whit. In both cases, we would have met thee undaunted, with a smile. And at the end? There is no inevitable end. But whatever our fate may be—living or dying, in the flush of life or at the gate of death—we will take our stand in an invincible determination to refuse to believe that any dark fate or power hovers over us, to take advantage of us in our hours of weakness: an invincible determination to

stand by the faith that has upheld us in our hours of health and strength and sanity ; which tells us that death is a negation, a no-thing, by no means an inevitability ; that in that day, perhaps not far distant, when mankind shall see and realise the Life that is within us, death will disappear.

VI

FAITH OR FATALISM—II

The fatal defect of every established religion and science under the sun is that which puts off any amelioration in the lot of mankind that is worth having, any universal good, to a distant future, and denies it to this generation. There is a phase of thought—and according to world-standards it is an enlightened phase—which deludes us into the soporific belief that "sometime," or "in the end," all will be well; that our enthusiasms and creeds, although they cannot fructify now, have within them the seeds of truth, and so are bound to fructify some time or other. This creed is pure fatalism. People held and professed it thousands of years ago, and if this world goes on, will continue to hold it till the crack of doom. For thousands of past years generations of men have been sacrificed to it, and for thousands of years to come generations of men must be sacrificed to it; sacrificed to death, to lives of degradation and misery, to the endurance of incurable and terrible diseases; to be witnesses all around

them, whatever their own fate may be, of the spectacle of masses of men and women and children, groaning under the cruel domination of death and disease, hunger and shame and degradation.

There is no originality, no faith, and no courage in this kind of fatalism. There cannot possibly be anything divine in a belief which thus calmly accepts as inevitable man's impotence and wretchedness. It is a direct negation of the divine thought expressed in the sayings, "The Kingdom of Heaven is *at hand*," and "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, *in this thy day*, the things that belong unto thy peace." We can, if we please, accept the hopeless glosses which conventional thought has put upon these sayings. We can, in fact, deny them any genius, any force, originality of thought, or divinity. But it is certainly open to us to see in them a divine splendid idea, the idea expressed in the similar sayings, "Now is the accepted time, Now is the day of salvation." Whatever we may think about the progress of the world, the mind of man has made no progress in this direction. In intelligence, force, understanding and genius we are no forwarder than the ancients. These sayings are 1900 years old. No one has bettered them since. Greek, Roman and Jewish thought had just as noble a flight as has any thought of to-day.

This thought of a great and glorious destiny, which the human race, if it pleases, can have Now, at its wish, if it will but realise the things which belong to its peace, is thousands of years old, and it cannot be bettered, now or evermore.

There is an immense, solid, dead body of thought which refuses to consider it seriously. The Juggernaut-car of this world rolls on, thinking only of the moment, the immediate future, obsessed by its surroundings, its difficulties, the necessities of everyday existence, of the petty sectional interests of families, tribes, religions, empires, its obliviousness of and inability to visualise the entire race and the whole scheme of things.

What has organised religion made of these sayings? It has degraded them to the level of the base selfishness of personal escape and salvation. There are religious organisations which parade our streets with the blare of vulgar sensationalism, despicable appeals to us to save ourselves, and pictures of an unbelievable Hell to which their god—a malignant devil—dooms his creation. On a slightly higher but less effectual plane is the cult of morality, which divides us all into "good" and "bad," and makes arbitrary laws and commandments, which it calls the laws of God; such as, that we must obey a "jealous" God, who visits the sins

of the fathers upon the children ; that we must not work on the Sabbath Day ; and designates that as "sin" which offends against these laws, oblivious of the wholesale blind sin of doing this—of binding men to compliance with evil and senseless and archaic laws, and blaming them for rebelling against them, all in the name of "God" the divine.

It is time for men and women of the world to rebel, not only against vulgar degrading sensationalism, but also against our equally degrading custom of setting up religious organisations which put into the mouths of their spokesmen —men of like passions with ourselves—archaic rules and exhortations for our guidance. The leaders of religion are no longer the leaders of thought in the world. How can a man be in the forefront of thought who has bound himself to obey the "Thirty-nine Articles," which are four hundred years old and have never been altered ? There was a time when religion held up its head and claimed supremacy. It does so no longer. It is now a mere chattel of the State, an upholder of State laws and the conventions of Society.

All great leaders of religious thought have set themselves not to uphold what already exists, but to proclaim something else. Jesus Christ, Mahommed, and Buddha were all prophets of a new order of things. They

adopted different methods. None of them succeeded. The established order of things has captured them all. Christianity may be said to have died when Constantine made it a State religion. No organised Church now represents or can explain to us the ideas of Christ. The Churches cannot heal the wounds of the world, nor the ills of humanity. Much less are they able to picture to us a new world. Modern thought must re-examine the whole thing afresh. It must be entirely free and unafraid. It must count that as blasphemy which refuses to inquire and examine, just as religion has counted that blasphemy which insists upon inquiry and examination.

Men of thought must be men of the world, and efficient men of the world. They must be able to meet the world on its own ground. But they must have something in reserve. They must refuse to bind their free creative thought to the fixed thought and the dead soulless institutions of the world. They must assert themselves. The Life within us is either an infinite incalculable thing, or it is a finite thing. Which is it? Can it do wonderful things, or can it not? It can, as I have done in these books, picture a new world of power and happiness, and assert our power—Now—to bring it into existence. It can, as I have done, examine the sophistries of this existence,

and condemn them. It can determine to be the master of the destinies of men, regardless and contemptuous of all that has gone before, believing only in its own divinity, and in its own power and its own future. If we deny ourselves, we shall bind ourselves and our descendants to lives of struggle and sophistry and cruelty and pain. But if we will but believe in ourselves, we can overcome mountains, we can bring a new world into existence, a world of Power, of Love, of Beauty, and of Truth.

VII

THE WORLD OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION

THE conventional view of the next world is that of a place which already exists; such as the heaven of orthodox religion, or "the other side" of Spiritualism. There they are; and as for us, we may or must find ourselves in them, and living the kind of life which has to be lived in them.

These ideas of the next world or the next life may or may not be true. But in three fundamental respects they differ from the idea of the world of the Fourth Dimension.

1. They already exist.

2. We can get to them only individually and not as a race.

3. And the only gateway to them is the experience of bodily death.

I

A friend of mine objected to the title of my book, *The Fourth Dimension*, that it is

indefinite; it conveys no concrete fact, "you cannot get hold of it." He is quite right, you cannot. No more than you can comprehend or grasp infinity. If we could comprehend infinity, it would no longer be infinity. It would have been transformed into finiteness. It is the same with the future. If we could see the future spread out as a panorama before us it would no longer be the future. We should simply refuse to be bound by it. We should become creatures of hope and confidence; or despair and desperation. As for national or corporate life, the vision of the late war would have transformed it. The peoples of the world would have arisen and called a halt in the mad race of national competition, armaments and national pride, and the vision would have become a false vision.

Infinity and the future are creatures of man's will and power. We cannot visualise and foresee them—now. But we can ordain and create them. One of the sayings of the founder of Christianity is, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Let us take "you" to mean the human race, or the mind of the human race. We can conceive that the meaning of the saying is, that the next world is within our power; it is a thing for us to construct in thought and create in fact; not a material thing, but a mode of thought, to be made a way of living.

We are not creatures of fate, in fact. No inevitable future life, no inevitable number of future existences or cycles of existences stretch before us. No outside power or being, no law such as evolution, no ordained set of circumstances, can or does bind us to any defined future, or send us to any other existing world. The future is ours. It is for us to define and create, and "the next world" is the life that we shall lead when our will and power has called to the fountains of thought to build up that world for us.

Neither I, nor any other individual human being, can define and set bounds to this future world of the human race. What I can do is, for instance, this. I can decline to be bound by any preconceived idea, power, or set of circumstances. I can assert that the divine is the best; the noblest and boldest flight of imagination of which I am capable. And I can tell you the foundations upon which the future world, if it is to be a world of happiness and power, must be built. Those foundations are Love and Truth and Beauty.

A world society of men founded upon these ultimate and supreme virtues would be so fundamentally different from this world that we can no more make bounds to its possibilities than we can make bounds to infinity. We should be a divine race, instead of a human

race. If we can have the courage to look Truth and Love in the face, to see them as they are, and to refuse to live by any other standards, rules, or laws, we shall be divine beings. All the divisions, antagonisms, rivalries, jealousies, which curse and impede our present life will disappear. The inevitable consequence of the disappearance of these evils would be the disappearance of bodily ills such as disease and pain. What would become of our bodies? Religion has risen to the conception of a "spiritual" body, such as that of Christ "after the resurrection"—such a body, no longer subject to mortal ills, would be no longer mortal. It would be immortal. It would not be subject to death.

In this world our bodies are prone to decay and to death. A large part of our time and energy is taken up in keeping our bodies alive, and in arresting decay and death. This fact gives the lie direct to the contention that this world is a world of growth and progress. It is growth and progress towards death, that is all. Let us visualise a beautiful, healthy girl. If there were any truth in the contention that this is a world of growth and progress, how on earth could this beauty and health fade and die? It ought rather to become more and more beautiful and healthy. If the life within it is vital, and if the conditions of world-

existence were favourable to vitality, what is there that could arrest its vitality and kill it? We imagine that there is some pre-ordained law that fates us to decay and death. We also imagine, however, that in the next world there will be no such law. We imagine that God, the divine being, is not subject to it. Why not? Because we cannot imagine that divine beings are subject to decay and to death. In order, therefore, to free ourselves from the law of death, we must become divine beings, and we must live in a divine world. There are two ideas as to how we can become divine beings. 1. By death, and transference to another world; or, which is the same thing, by a succession of existences ending in death, and culminating in "perfection." These are the conventional ideas which world-thought teaches us. 2. By adopting divine standpoints, and living by them. World-thought cannot teach us this method, because its standpoints are not only not divine, but they are the direct antithesis of divine standpoints. World-thought definitely denies our title to divinity. It says that our nature is evil, and that we must have safeguards. We can accept which theory we please. The second may be brushed aside as not worth considering. But the fact is, that unless we are willing to accept—we will say for the sake of argument—the theory that the whole state of affairs in this

world is a lie, we thereby deny to ourselves any chance of considering the question. If we refuse to step outside the cage, we cannot possibly know anything about the sunshine beyond its bars. I know all about the cage. I have lived its life. I have knowledge and experience of all its laws, institutions, and arguments. But I have in thought definitely abandoned them as worthless. Anyone who does so is thereby enabled to pursue a different line of thought, to lay down for his guidance the fundamental axiom that men are divine beings, and to build up another world upon it. This standpoint in no degree prevents or hampers us in living the life of this world. But it does enable us to use our thought and our life in building up a new world. And that is the meaning of the saying "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." It *must* be founded upon a belief in our own divinity. If we have not divinity within us, we cannot ever live a divine life.

If in the next world our energies and thoughts are not going to be employed and mainly obsessed in keeping our bodies alive, how will they be employed? In the first place, the next world will not be a deadly-in-earnest world of struggle, whether towards perfection or anything else. It will be a world of free and happy human fellowship; of fun and badinage,

stripped of all bitterness ; of creations of fancy and amusement ; of creations of and enjoyment of beauty ; of healthy activity and *joie de vivre*. That intense and glorious vitality which we feel in the sunshine, in beautiful nature, in the pursuit of some enterprise, or in happy comradeship, will never be absent from us. In the second place, our thought and energy will be entirely available for the kind of occupation which now is only possible in time of leisure from the daily struggle for existence ; that is, in the pursuit of fundamental knowledge. As divine beings, the whole fabric of the system of things will be at our disposal ; not to examine, but to control and create. The forces and phenomena around us will be our instruments and playthings, as we imagine they are those of an infinite and omnipotent deity. There will be no limits to our powers. We shall not be finite, but infinite beings. Infinite Life will be our blood and our vitality, the warp and woof of us. Just as we now study natural laws, sciences, mathematics, then we shall be experts in supreme and infinite things —Life, Joy, Beauty, Love, and Truth.

II

The human race will never realise its divinity, will never gain any object worth gaining, until

it is united. It will never be united until it has in view some object worth achieving. The two motives by which we are most powerfully influenced are hope and fear. What we ought to aim at is the elimination of fear from our future, by some vast thrilling hope which can inspire and unite us.

As human societies are constituted in this world, our objects in life are either individual or sectional. That is why our objects are so difficult of achievement. We are out *for* ourselves, and inevitably *against* others—some portion of ourselves. So long as we are divided, any object we have is not worth achieving. It must and does involve distress to some of us. It may be said that this is not true of medicine, which aims at the alleviation of pain and disease; or of science, which aims at the discovering of the facts of existence, and our control of them. But with regard to medicine, it is quite an arguable proposition that it tends to emphasise and fix our attention upon pain and disease, and indeed to multiply diseases. Moreover, human thought frequently rises to the conception that medicine is not the correct method of dealing with disease. This is the theory of Christ, of Mrs Eddy, and of all faith-healing; and if this theory is correct, it is certain that medicine is deluding us and advancing us on the wrong road. And so with science generally. Human

thought has also risen to the conception that this existence is not true ; this state of affairs is not good, but evil ; and that by concentrating our thoughts upon it, and considering it as the only reality, we are hindering fundamental truth and reality, and getting farther and farther away from it. Moreover, neither medicine nor science has divine aims. Medicine does not hope for the abolition of death and disease. And science regards decay, death, and destruction, both of man and of worlds, as inevitable.

What we need is a religion which shall unite the whole of humanity. It must utterly refuse and deny any good which cannot be shared by all. It can do this only by visualising a good which is wholly good ; which, neither now or in the future, involves any pain, inequality, or distress upon any of us. This is simply a matter of will. At present we refuse to visualise any such universal good. We do not believe in it ; that is, we refuse to believe in it. We have been for so long creatures of a cage, that we cannot visualise the sunshine as our natural home, and believe in its possibilities. We are determined to believe that we are human and not divine. We will not refuse the cage any value. Blindness, fixed thought, obsession by the facts of existence, have bitten so deeply into us, that the vast majority of us deny the possibility of getting beyond them ; of stepping

beyond their bounds, regarding them all as falsities and evils, and determining to think in terms of another kind of existence and so building up another Life.

Man can visualise in thought a divine being, with divine instincts and powers, living in a divine world, omnipotent, wholly good, the creator of the universe, and arbiter of the future. Where does this divinity reside? In our consciousness, who visualise it, or outside it? Is it something which includes our consciousness? If outside ourselves, this divinity must transcend our conception of it. And yet the conventional thought which holds this theory, always has visualised its "God," not as a divinity, but as a fiend who not only condemns millions of every generation of us to misery, pain, and death (or condones such a fate for us), but foredooms us to penal terrors such as Hell.

When will men and women have the courage to think outside of these depraved conceptions? When are we going to have the courage to refuse any longer to bind ourselves to the thought of the past? Why do we always seek for some *Authority* behind thought; something that is fixed and not free? Do we range ourselves upon the side of those who asked Christ, "By what Authority?"—the orthodox thought of that age and of every age—or do we accept the conclusion implied in his reply, that not only

his own thought but that of John, was intrinsically divine ; was *of Heaven and not of men* ? In the early stages of Christianity, the whole weight of the thought of men, secular as well as religious, condemned the new idea. Tacitus, a cultivated Roman historian, spoke of Christians, even when condemning the cruelties of Nero, as "this race of men, detested for their evil practices." Orthodox Romans and Jews were the same kind of men as orthodox men of this age and of every age ; no better and no worse. They had no greater vision than we have, and no less. Inasmuch as orthodoxy sets any bounds to the flight of human thought, it is false. Thought is not to be daunted by any fear, by anything which denies its freedom. It *must* release itself from all shackles, and spread its wings, it must realise its divinity and create for us a new world of freedom and of Life.

III

The supreme flight of the thought which flows from the divine Life within us is that which denies any value to death, and which is determined to conquer death. Neither Christian nor Buddhist thought imagines that death will always be our fate. Sometime or other we shall no longer be subject to it. We shall attain to eternal Life. If sometime or other, why not

now? What intrinsic power will reside in the Life of some other generation which does not reside in us? If some day we can be "free from sin and death," why not now? "Before the law came," said Saint Paul, "there was no sin." Sin does not consist in offending against "law," but in our willing subjection to law. If we could release ourselves from the obsession and dominion of law, we should be free divine beings. We must get rid of the idea that we refrain from murder and thefts, adulteries, anger, and malice, merely because there are laws against them which impose penalties upon us. And yet murder and theft, according to the canons of this world, are legitimate when they are ordained by authority! Authority can condemn us to death, can massacre us, can cause us to massacre our "enemies" in hecatombs; and we say it is "right." Authority can crucify a Christ, burn alive a Joan of Arc or a Ridley, or cause us to starve helpless German babies, and we regard it as "right" and "just." What condemns it? The divine thought of individual human beings, which revolts against it. It is not right, for fate or authority, or God, or natural law, to condemn human beings to death. The thing itself is cruel and immoral. That is the "law" we should get hold of and stick to. Death is physically disgusting and spiritually degrading and terrible. It is an undeniable defeat. How-

ever successful and happy we may be in this life, there looms before us this horrible fate, that our power or vitality must be eclipsed or killed. Whatever sophistries we may hold about death, no human being who is healthy, mentally or spiritually, wants it. It is a dark, evil thing. Sophistry cannot disguise the tragedy of the gradual decay of our powers as we get old, or the sudden cutting short of a Life. That the Life within us should consent to death, or condone it, or expect any good from it, is the supreme lie of our existence. Life and Truth cannot receive any assistance or derive any virtue from such a thing as death. If the divine Being of our conception is not subject to it, why should we condemn ourselves to it, why do we condone and accept its dominion?

Death is merely the logical result of binding ourselves to dead things; to fixed thought, dead and soulless institutions, authority, convention, and force. These are THINGS. *We* are divine BEINGS. Empires, States, Churches, and Institutions all decay and die, and are succeeded by others. These things are all of this world. What we must do is to kill, to doom to death, the ideas which are behind them all and on which they are founded: force, fixedness, individual and sectional interests, as distinguished from freedom, the interests of the entire race, and a world founded not upon force

but upon Love and Truth. A world based on Love and Truth will *not* be subject to decay and death. No thought based upon Love and Truth is subject to Death. If we can build up and create a world founded upon these fundamental ideas, death and every other evil will disappear.

The gate of the new world is not death.

It is the power to see it and create it. It is a faith in our Life, and the denial of everything which binds and restricts its freedom. It is a determination to believe that the only true Life for divine human beings is a life based upon divine things such as Love and Truth, and a denial of and a resolute and undying hatred of the blindness, death, cruelty, and force which are the foundations of this false existence to which our own cowardice and lack of Faith alone can bind us.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY NEILL AND CO., LTD., EDINBURGH.

The Road to the Stars

2s. net; postage 3d.

Extracts from Reviews

THE ATHENÆUM:

The general idea underlying these sixteen short essays is that man is essentially divine, and that, besides seeking to develop his human nature, he should attempt to cultivate the all-powerful life-instinct within him. The outcome of this development would be, according to the author, "a divine world, built upon the foundations of truth, whereas this world is built upon the foundations of force and expediency."

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE:

If, according to our officer, we can each create new worlds of sunlight and happiness, I feel that it would not be such a bad thing if a lot of us got together and, by way of passing the slow hours of mortal time we have to endure, served our apprenticeship to world-making by a serious endeavour to construct a model out of the stuff that lies to hand.

OCCULT REVIEW:

The author's conception of a Thought world in which we can live here and now, a world which "can materialise as do all great ideas," holds in its essence a vast appeal. Is it not in reality another way of saying the Kingdom of Heaven is within you? As an antidote to narrowness, bigotry, and what has been called "rancid piety" of all descriptions, it makes a refreshing reading.

GLASGOW HERALD:

In this book the author of "The Fourth Dimension" continues his fascinating and stimulating reflections upon the ultimate mysteries of life and death and of human society. His reliance upon "reserve" powers within us, and upon the spark of a divinely rebellious will to transcend to discouraging and stunting conditions, is finely heartsome, and will find response in the heart of every generous and high-minded young man.

LIBRARY WORLD:

This work, by the author of "The Fourth Dimension," is an outspoken attempt to get a new viewpoint of human thought and conduct, an effort to make mankind realise the power of love and friendship and such ideals as would result in the highest liberty and life that man can desire.

ABERDEEN FREE PRESS:

"The Road to the Stars, and Other Essays," by an officer of the Grand Fleet, a sequel to "The Fourth Dimension," continues the discussion of man's power to be free from the dominion of world ideas and to live here and now in the sunlight and freedom of the hills of eternal truth. To the objections that most of us feel compelled to state, the Officer replies, with Bacon, that he stands on the vantage ground of truth and sees the errors, wanderings, mists, and tempests in the vale below. . . . The book is developed with breeziness, diversity, and an originality which goes quite outside the confines of mere logic. Illustration comes now from the Zanzibar slave, next from an Aberdeen comb-work or coal mine, then from Carlyle, the Bible, or Mrs Eddy, or Biology, Psychology, or Physiology, till at last we reach the highest liberty and life that man can desire. Great is the power of imagination.

KENT MESSENGER:

"The Road to the Stars," by an officer of the Grand Fleet, is an exceedingly interesting collection of essays. The author writes with a broad-minded appreciation of the difficulties that beset the modern intellectual, which is difficult to imagine in a member of such an honoured but nevertheless caste-ridden institution as the British Navy. . . . The author writes with a studious restraint, an appeal for a wider toleration, a freer democracy, and a general intellectual emancipation. . . . It breathes equality—that all of us, whether Protestant or Catholic, Conservative or Socialist, are fundamentally the same, and that barriers of creed and class are antiquated anachronisms. It is a delightful little book, and one that I can well recommend. Indeed, the imprimatur of "Daniel" is alone sufficient to indicate that a book is worth reading.

The Fourth Dimension

2s. net; postage 3d.

Extracts from Reviews

THE ATHENÆUM:

The author is one of those instinctive mystics who see infinite and immediate possibilities of redemption from the ills of life in the idea of a fourth dimension: "God is God of the Fourth Dimension. . . . This Third-Dimensional world is not real to him." "You must cease to believe in the world in which you live."

THE LIBRARY WORLD:

This little study contains no abstruse mathematical discussion of the Fourth Dimension, but deals with the subject rather more from the philosophical point of view. The author exhorts the world to believe "that man is divine; created in the image of God; has creative power, can create a world as real as this world; can create for himself a world of the Fourth Dimension, in which materialities can be dissolved at a word." Well worth considering as a study.

INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC:

The freedom of the sea breathes in every page of this revolt against the limitations of authority and convention which bind the Third-Dimensional world. The illimitable universe, with its limitless possibilities, is shown to be narrowed down to a struggle for existence. Conventional religion offers nothing as a solution of the problems which confront us. But a higher plane is open to man . . . the Fourth-Dimensional world of harmony and reality . . . and into this he may enter at will by imagination or faith. Surely this is a world worth seeking after.

THE PLOUGHSHARE:

This book is one of the many symptoms of reaching out to a fuller and truer life which are so frequent nowadays. The author calls such a life, a life in the Fourth Dimension. He maintains that Jesus discovered the Fourth Dimension, and that the way to gain life indeed is to recognise the illusion of matter, deny the Third Dimension and live wholly in the spiritual plane of the Fourth Dimension.

THE ORKNEY HERALD:

The writer of this little book penned it while serving on board one of the battleships of the Grand Fleet. For four years he lived in the sullen mists of the North Sea, but also found time to think out an even greater problem than the extinction of the Hun. The whole purpose of the book may be summed up in one sentence of the foreword, "Is there not a world of sunlight and space?" Of this world dreamers have dreamt and poets have sung for centuries. Nineteen hundred years ago Christ died for it, and in these latter days millions have died for it. Yet in the minds of most of us we imagine we shall only tread its roadways when we have "crossed the bar." The whole argument of "The Fourth Dimension" is a challenge to conventionality. The world of sunlight may be entered by us all while we live on earth were it not for our lack of faith or imagination. We have thought too little of ourselves and our destiny. Most of us thought the world could only progress slowly; the writer, with the simple directness of the sailor, believes we may accomplish much *now*. And we are inclined to agree with him that in this he is right. The book contains many arresting passages, and is well worth reading in these days, when reconstruction is on the lips of us all.

ABERDEEN DAILY JOURNAL:

The one absorbing theme of these studies is the writer's desire to see the world of men, "a world of false realities, of sickness, pain, waste, hatred, and material power," replaced by a "world of men and of children gifted with perfect health and happiness; a world in which we shall be gods, co-operating with the Creator-God in some vast creative work, and ourselves—in the image of God—creating and ruling worlds. A world of affection, beauty, power, music, and imagination, and of perfect harmony; in which every individuality and temperament shall have its haven and satisfaction, its cherished ambition."

HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND POST:

To folk of sensitive build and quick imagination, the wrongs existing in the world around them at times bear so strongly that life seems almost intolerable. They then take refuge in the ideal world, and to this we owe such creations as "Utopia," "Erewhon," "Looking Backward," etc. . . . In this little book, the author, examining Christianity and religion, finds it inseparably bound up with authority and human institutions, based on

force. It is part of a Third-Dimensional world. The ideal world of harmony, where God reigns and where humanity may enter if it has faith, may be conceived as a Fourth-Dimensional world. The old concepts of force and coercion, of convention and authority, must yield to new valuations, in which thought, freedom, and love are supreme. At present good citizens accept what is—"If it comes to war, however horrible, we accept it"; but the new world can only be created by creative individual thought and self-expression, thus rising to a higher plane of existence.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 087 060 0

Un